THE YOSEMITE
AND OTHER VERSE

By Caroline Hazard

THE YOSEMITE AND OTHER VERSE.

THE COLLEGE YEAR.

A BRIEF PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND. Illustrated.

A SCALLOP SHELL OF QUIET. Illustrated.

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THE YOSEMITE

AND OTHER VERSE

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BY

CAROLINE HAZARD

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THE YOSEMITE, AND OTHER VERSE

PART I

CALIFORNIA VERSE

THE YOSEMITE

THE WALLS

I

Behold the glorious archetype
Of all that man has ever planned
These massive walls in beauty stand,
In color soft and glowing, ripe
For the sun's touch, a mantle hung
Upon the peaks which blossom into color flung
Upon this wondrous work of time.
Here elements of every clime
Unite to make a marvel. Giant walls
Fit for Olympian halls
Are worked with hieroglyphic art
Older than Egypt. Here an arch
Is sprung, whose span the Roman builders' heart
Would have rejoiced. Here a march

Of Titan forms to rouse the pride
Of Cleopatra and her builders deified.
Wind, water, sun
An age-long task have done.

II

And all men dreamed is here. St. Peter's dome
That dominates the hills of mighty Rome
Becomes a bubble, lightly blown
To please a child.
And how he would rejoice, workman unknown
Of mediæval guild
Who set his mark upon the corner-stone of York,
Or he of Ulm, upon whose roof the stork
Fresh from the fanes of India finds her rest,
And in a mass of foliage builds her nest
That blooms in stone to make her bower.
Those Gothic men who took the hardest
And carved the tenderest
Of fruit and flower,

Who worked in miniature
  Here see what Nature does,
  Working in time that was,
Her Majesty, her sure
And perfect touch. Not only domes
  And arches, towers and turrets high,
  But piercing upward to the sky,
Reaching to the eternal homes
Of song and spirit, soar the spires
Of Nature's great Cathedral. What heavenly choirs
Shall sing in them? The sweeping rain,
  The wind, the bolt of thunder plays
  Upon the diapason of its organ bass,
And piping birds with rapturous refrain
Chant orisons. Glory, glory everywhere
Seeks a voice, is hushed in prayer.

III

And then the sun on sudden quick withdraws
And leaves the whole in a harmonious pause,

While gold turns silver, and red gray
In the half dusk of the declining day.
And the long preparation, as the night delays,
  Bathes the vast walls
  And the Cathedral stalls
  With rock-hewn choir and nave,
  Column and architrave
In one concord of silent, solemn praise.

THE YOSEMITE

THE WATERS

I

Such a stupendous leap! The mighty stream
Aghast with that achievement staggers in distress,
Becomes a shadowy thing of dream
Upon the brink of nothingness.
Some giant archipelago of air
Obtruding from the clouds descends
With wavering outline, and a flare
Of iridescent color, trembles, blends,
Discloses dewy slopes, Titania's emerald grass,
Chasm and precipice Behemoth could not pass.
Rolling empurpled on the cloudless day
Tumultuous reveller, foaming, seething
With billows pearly as the driven spray
Of ocean wave, subsiding, heaving,

It floats between the earth and sky,
For sky too low, for earth too high,
A marvel and a wonder
Of color and of thunder.

II

For it has life of sound.
The strong vibrations of the primal note
That shakes the solid ground,
That finds its echo in the song-bird's throat,
That shapes the life of man —
Reverberations shouting to the spheres
Atune with Saturn, and the Milky Way,
The sound that o'er creation ran
The gamut of its loves and fears
Night and day
Roars and riots in the ears
A deafening, stunning buffet of noise,
A strong, tumultuous draft of joys,

With rhythmic rise and fall,
A bugle call
That stoops to a caress
Of tenderness.

III

Blue and pink and amethyst
The sun-transfigured mist
Drop by drop is reassembled, caught
Upon the giant crags. The thing of dream
Is still of crystal beauty, taught
Once more the use of earth; a limpid stream
Rolls through lush meadows, emerald green,
Green as the moon in Oriental night,
Blooming with flowers, starry bright,
The heaven above transposed, unrolled
For that clear stream to water, to enfold
With all the beauty it could glean

From that stupendous flight
From out the quiver
Of God's delight
To be a river.

THE TELEPHONE WIRE

(*In the high Sierras*)

I HAVE stood here hundreds of years —
Said the pine to the giant saw
That was slowly taking its life:
I have seen these waters at strife,
I have felt the mighty paw
Of bears; I have known the fears
Of earthquake, and the shock
Of terrible falling rock.
And now in the hands of men
You with the sharpened teeth
Are taking my life. — What then?

I have seen men come and go,
I have seen the knife in sheath;
Down from the great plateau
They have poured since the early days;

They have needed my shelter and shade,
They have rested unafraid;
They have pounded their lentils and maize
And built their fire, and sung
Beneath the roof that I made, —
My canopy, high hung.
And now you are taking my life.

If it were to build a roof-tree
To set up a heath, I could joy
In the old ancestral employ
Of shelter and shade for the wife.
Or if it was heat that you want,
I 'd understand and give free
My store of sunshine, my vaunt
Of hundred of years, and expire
In the glow of a household fire.

But your teeth relentlessly cut
And I totter to a great fall;
My hundreds of feet shall lie prone,
My beauty shall be overthrown,
For something so tiny, so small, —
Smaller than any pine-nut,
A thread, like my needles of pine
Shining, gleaming, like gold.
Before this cobweb so fine
My hundreds of years must go.
I tremble as never a wind
In all my centuries old
Has made me, how they might blow,
For men are taking my life
With the teeth of this sharpened knife;
What reason have they in mind?

Then the spirit of the pines
That dwells in the upper air

And whispers even to men,
Answered the strong tree's prayer,—
Its wonder of wherefore, and when, —
Its importunate question why.

And it said: It is good to die
To make way for the love of man;
You gave him shelter and shade;
This thread you make room for can span
Time, distance, and space, unafraid
His voice, with its blessings proceeds
On its way to the goal it would find.
Nor water can drown it, nor wind.
You sheltered his bodily needs;
You shaded his sleep on the sod,
And the pathway which footsore he trod.
This is the path of his mind.

A SONG OF GOOD RIDING

The pulse of life is between my knees
And the might of a vital force
As I settle into the saddle at ease
And speak to my good white horse,
And turn to the hills, and lift mine eyes
To the strength that all about me lies,
And the world goes by at a gentle glide
As we move along, — and I, I ride.

A lift of the rein and the gentle swing
Of the stately amble slow
Breaks to the lope with its even fling
That Californians know;
That covers the ground at a steady pace
As we climb the golden mountains' face
Till the world spreads out so fair and wide,
And my horse grows hot, — and I, I ride.

Brother of mine with the strong white flanks
That take me along the trail,
Picking your way upon the banks
With courage that does not fail,
And braves the far and terrible roar
Of snorting chariots rushing before
With shrieks and hoots, and arrogant pride
Ahead of the fleetest horse to ride;

You who could dash to destruction's rim
Upon this hillside of gold,
You who stand upon the brim
Of craters and ruins of old,
Yet do my bidding and heed my word
With that cock of the ear which leaves nothing unheard,
And daintily step wherever I guide,—
The smaller mortal who boast that I ride.

I ride, I say, and think I am free
To guide with the bridle rein;
But who can tell if there rides with me
Some angel, — with spur of pain,
With gentle curb, or a touch of the whip, —
To urge me on, despite a slip,
To where the hosts of God abide
As up Life's rugged way I ride.

THE BLESSING OF THE RAIN

The great wide fields lie idle in the glory of the sun,
Tawny and pink and purple, the harvest is all won;
A cloth of gold most splendid stretches the noble plain,
Waiting in the sunshine for the blessing of the rain.

The soil of all that corn land is hard as any stone;
Picks must break the trenches to let the water run.
The vagrant winds are blowing, and toss the dust amain
Up from the fields awaiting the blessing of the rain.

Sad, silent, and dejected, in groups, or one by one,
The cattle stand and ponder, for fodder there is none.
Their patient eyes are searching, and searching still in vain;
The pasture land is waiting for the blessing of the rain.

And then some joyful morning when skies are gray
and dun,
"He shall come down like showers," the world is
new begun;
The tender green appeareth, the earth is young again,
And all the land rejoices in the blessing of the rain.

THE GOLDEN STATE

California, California,
The happy name lingers with an accent sweet
Dim with possibilities, with life replete,
California.

Golden apples of the Hesperides
Load down millions of her trees:
Gold of grain, and gold of flower,
Gold of mine she has for dower,
California.

Vancouver from the North,
Cabrillo from the South,
Searched her coasts to find a mouth
To unite the East and West,
Faring forth;
And knew not that their quest

Was ended on this shore;
That here forevermore
Pine and olive, and heather and rose,
Arid desert, and mountain snows,
Make a land of all lands the best —
California, Queen of the West.

IN THE GARDEN

(*Santa Barbara*)

I

A GARDEN SONG

My garden lies in the heart of the world
  Begirt by mountain heights,
Blue, and silver, and crimson impearled
  In the lovely evening lights,
And beyond it stretches the azure sea;
  O the depth, and mystery!

In the heart of my garden I can hear
  The heart of the world as it beats,
For from the tower standing near
  Time day by day repeats
Prime and matins, and noon and nones,
The bells chant the hours in solemn tones.

My garden's heart has the olive trees' shade,
And the date palms whisper low;
Tacomas have an arbor made,
Acacias shed golden snow;
For here the climates all combine
With palm and cypress, orange and pine.

And in the heart of my garden there grows
All flowers beneath the sun, —
Myrtle and aloes, and aster and rose
And lavender, every one;
For it takes tribute from every land;
Lotus and lilac together stand.

My garden's heart has an eye of the soul,
For near the deodar
Lies a placid pool which mirrors the whole
Of all of the things that are.
Sun, moon, and stars, and flower and tree,
And time and space, and you, and me.

The inmost heart of the heart of the world
Here in my garden lies,
For life is in every blossom curled,
In every wing that flies.
'T is a home of love, of care's surcease,
And all its paths are paths of peace.

II

Roses, roses, tall and stately,
Royal queens on thrones of crimson,
Strong and steady, with the brilliant leaflets.

Roses, roses, pink and blushing,
Drooping in a shy obeisance,
Hanging heads, but shedding spicy fragrance.

Roses, roses, white and climbing,
Snow-white clusters, on long garlands
Fitly to festoon a happy bridal.

Red, and pink, and white they blossom,
Each a joy, each full of sweetness,
Soft and silken in their glory,
And the garden paths become a rapture.

III

THE BRIDE ROSE

Oh, fair white rose, dost thou know whose hand
Planted thee long ago?
Splendid and stately thou dost stand
With petals of driven snow,
Fit for a bride. — And the hand laid low
That planted thy beauty so long ago.

She would have loved thy pearly bloom;
She would have loved the breath
Of thy far-away delicate faint perfume
Fit for a bride of death.
Bloom for her, pray for her; lying low
Is the hand that planted thee long ago.

IV

THE ARBOR

For her he built this arbor
His rose of love, his bride,
With his own strong arms' labor;
And here at eventide
In the cool of the day, in shadow, in the Eden they had made,
They walked with God in the garden, and they were unafraid.

V

Oh, what is man that he should dare to stand
In contemplation of this perfect flower,
That unabashed he takes it in his hand;
That he should lift his eyes to heaven's blue dome?
And yet he does. He clothes himself with power
And in a niche of time he builds his home.

VI

THE INSCRIPTION

These stone walls stand, for he who builded them
Built strongly with his hands and heart and mind:
Oh, who can tell what business he may find
Upon the walls of New Jerusalem.

VII

THE TENANTS

A little hen quail in the garden
Is running with rapid feet
So fast she seems to sail;
She disappears in the bushes,
Darting under the roses,
Then boldly takes the green pathway;
And here her mate will join her,
And they saunter along serenely,
With tiny top-knots nodding,
And say to all beholders,
"Foolish mortals, there 's nothing doing!"

But somewhere in the geraniums
Or under the tall roses,
Or perhaps in the Strelitzia, —
With its arrow leaves and blossoms
That are like living pinions, —
Somewhere in my garden
There is a new little Eden.

VIII

Oh, rose with the red-gold heart
And the dusk of the morning's flush,
With petals of saffron that blush
With crimson and carmine, and spread
A crown about thy head,
Oh, tell me what thou art!

Dear sister of my soul,
Thou standest fair and serene
Amid thy leaves' dark sheen,

Stately, and quiet, and gay,
The livelong radiant day,
And knowest not thy goal.

And when the radiant day,
With its heat, and warmth, and light,
Is sinking toward the night,
With petals faded and curled
Away from a shrunken world,
Thou still dost stay;

And bravely bearest thy part,
Though gone is the glory and bloom;
Yet sweet is the faint perfume
From petals hurt by the wind;
And though all life is behind
Deep is thy red-gold heart.

IX

THE PATH

The green path of the garden
Begins at my door.
Straight and true it lies,
True as the compass needle,
Leading south, always south.
Green are the bushes beside it,
Green is the sod of the path,
With tiny purple flowers
To brighten the soft greenness.

And as the path leads onward
It slowly begins to soar.
Over the blossoming bushes,
Over the shady trees,
It runs to the roof of the Mission
Between the towers with bells;

And far it runs beyond them
To reach the sea, and farther
Horizons, far horizons.

Is it a path for footsteps,
Or is it a path of the soul?
And shall I ever follow
The green path of the garden?

THE COURT OF THE AGES

(San Francisco, 1915)

I

THE COURT

Who has not thrilled in some Cathedral close
With awe and gladness at the vast array
Of pinnacles, and spires piercing day,
And cloister arches adding row on rows
With tracery of stone on which there grows
The semblance of each flower of the May —
Ah, here indeed the faintest soul can pray;
Upborne by joy the saddest find repose.

Minster and cloister both could safely stand
Where water adds the living organ note
Within this court built by a Master's hand.
And men like pigmies in its great arcade
Become as gods, rejoicing it was made
And garner beauty for life's antidote.

II

THE TOWER

Massive it stands, and four-square cleaves the sky,
Enriched with every gracious ornament
To please the sight, and give the mind content.
Cathedral tapers in great pairs stand by,
And sunburst monstrance shows that grace is nigh,
While splendid figures, priest, and friar bent,
Statesman, and knight in full accoutrement,
Guard where the mother sits with child on high.

And through the garlands of acanthus leaves
Are heads of cherubs, demons, and of sprites;
A tracery of loveliness that weaves
The ages into one, from conquests dim
Up to the chant of holy Seraphim
Where love sits brooding on the topmost heights.

III

THE CLOISTERS

Arch after arch, around the splendid court
They stand secure, low groined from pillars square
Enriched with sculptured forms from deep-sea lair,
Rising serenely, gladly to support
That weighty roof, round which there run the short
Carved pinnacles, — the lily rises there, —
And higher yet, with dominating air
St. Peter's cocks in rows make their retort.

And if St. Peter's cock above the crowd
Should really lift his voice which ages rent,
In all that beauty sounding doubly loud,
Would he find recreant souls who have denied,
Whose very noblest has been crucified?
Crow, Chanticleer, and call us to repent.

IV

THE FOUNTAIN

This is the world, this giant rounded ball
On which the boisterous waters gladly play
And deluge it as in primeval day,
Upborne by mythic figures sculptural
Of Time, and Force, and Energy, and all
The elements that grope their upward way.
And fear and anger, love and hate hold sway,
With all the passions on the pedestal.

The world emerging, and the world emerged!
The motives sculptured with sure mastery,
And living motives, all around it surged.
For men and women throng the balustrade,
Look on that elemental life portrayed,
Nor know it is their own epitome.

V

NOON

The glorious Sun, with ardent noonday blaze,
Beams down upon that beauty till each fret
Transfigured stands upon the parapet,
And limpid water all melodious plays
In drops of transient diamonds on the base
Of those great fountain figures gleaming wet,
And shows the fields of tender violet
Where myriad pansies bloom with thoughts of praise.

And then in white the cone man comes along
And people flock around him; in the shade
Of cloister arch they spread their lunch; a throng
Of children headed by a black-robed nun
Goes quickly by for shelter from the sun,
And pigeons come for crumbs, quite unafraid.

VI

NIGHT

What great enchanter with a mystic wand
  Has changed the daytime beauty to a dream!
  Along the cloisters countless lanterns gleam
And giant serpents at the fountain stand
Spouting live flame, north, south, at either hand —
  While night is pierced with many a gorgeous beam —
  From sculptured brasiers rises crimson steam,
The incense ritual of a vanished land.

Court of the Ages, if resplendent day
  Shows every beauty, and the mighty whole
Touches the mind, when darksome night holds sway,
  Then aspiration, and religious awe
  Coeval with mankind, the ancient law
Broods o'er the place to subjugate the soul.

VII

VANISHED

Now it is gone! It was too beautiful
To have long life, for each completed thing
Must perish as a blossom of the spring.
The moments hurry by, and time will dull
The perfect tints, and all the multiple
Assaults of elements combine to bring
Decay. But in perfection this took wing
And courted death to live inviolable.

And it is gone in all its loveliness,
With all its imagery to charm our eyes —
Who can its mystic beauty quite express?
For us who loved it in those timeless days
With age-long love, it lives, to be always
Foretaste and memory of Paradise.

PART II

THE SONNET

WITHIN this cloister garden sings the soul;
Not flaunting in the fragrant summer air,
But standing rapt, aloof, as if in prayer;
These narrow walls its impulses control,
In these confines it seeks its joyful goal,
To breathe one tender word which shall prepare
A path for thought to climb up heaven's stair;
One word whose linkèd harmonies unroll.

So small, and yet exquisitely complete!
I stand within its meted bounds in awe
And marvel at its cadence subtly sweet.
Here poets have poured the secret of their hearts
Here is the art that can conceal all arts
And revel in the liberty of law.

THE NEW CENTURY

DAUGHTER of Time, the youngest of the years,
Not in sad mood we welcome thee to-day.
What though the force of Nature in fierce play
In days gone by begot a thousand fears;
The seed of life was sown in bitter tears,
By kindly feet was trod the ancient way,
And brothers' hands were grasped; full many a ray
Showed what shall be, by that which now appears.

Nor vaunt thy mother's triumphs, though so great,
The lightning chained, the pulse of wreathèd steam,
Her thought creation's lore did re-create,
And in the worm and clod to prophet's ken
The Lord was found; man traced his origin;
Welcome, thou daughter of a poet's dream.

TO MRS. AGASSIZ

ON HER BIRTHDAY

(*December* 5, 1901)

To-day, with mystic numbers seven and nine,
You count your life of happy, fruitful years;
And seven complete within itself appears,
The tale of colors which as light do shine,
The number of the attributes divine;
And nine by close relations chases fears;
With three times three it heartens and endears,
Divisible, yet ready to combine.

Complete within yourself, and yet in touch
With many lives, dear lady, so you stand;
To you was given, and you have given much;
All women owe a loving debt to you,
You opened doors to let new light shine through
On countless lives in our belovèd land.

TO JOSEPHINE LAZARUS

Dear Soul, with all the fervor of thy race,
Yet having cast tradition's hand away
And groping toward a larger, clearer day,
How shalt thou find thy life's true resting-place?
A woman's soul glows in thine eager face,
A woman's longing yearnings o'er it play,
Fixed, yet inconstant, unknown, and astray,
Still searching for true beauty, and true grace.

Give, cries the Spirit to thee, freely give!
Say not that thou art poor and hast no store;
Give hope, and joy, and love, so shalt thou live,
And draw upon that sea of love whose tide
Shall fill thee, heart and soul, and mind beside,
Till giving shall enrich thee more and more.

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

We loved her for the loving thoughts which sped
Straight from her heart until they found their goal
In some perplexed or troubled human soul
And broke anew the ever-living bread.
We loved the mind courageous which no dread
Of failure ever daunted, whose control
Of gentleness all opposition stole;
We loved herself and all the joy she shed.

Oh, Leader of the Leaders! Like a light
Thy life was set, to counsel, to befriend;
Thy quick and eager insight seized the right
And shared the prize with bounteous hand, and free.
Fed from the fountains of infinity
Thy life was service, having love to spend.

THE PROBLEM

Not only days, but nights make up our years.
Without the blessing of the darksome night
Perpetual sunshine would but blind our sight;
We prize our health because disease appears,
We rest in peace because we have known fears.
The bitter gives the sweet a keen delight;
The power of wrong is but the strength of right,
And joy the possibility of tears.

If all the paths of life were smooth and plain,
What choice would be before the eager soul,
If high and low were one, and effort vain?
But evil ever lurks beside the good,
While Life and Death unite in brotherhood,
And God Himself must comprehend the whole.

SLEEP

Lord, in the pride of perfect day I come
With consciousness and power of control,
With self-direction, and would bring the whole
Of being, good and bad, my spirit's sum,
To Thee, the Life, to seek a blessing from;
To Thee, the Way, as well as being's goal,
And final end, the search of eager soul
Whose every effort is toward Thee, its home.

But in the night unconsciously I lie
Exhausted, flaccid, sunk in slumber deep,
And nightly prove what it may be to die.
Between the waking world and death a door
Stands open, souls can pass the threshold o'er;
In darkness let me offer Thee my sleep.

THE DOOR

I AM the Door, our blessèd Saviour said,
When He became the Shepherd of the sheep,
And told them that the fold would safely keep,
And in and out they should be surely led;
Within, without, their table should be spread; —
A life for waking and for hours of sleep,
Of joy, and solace for all souls who weep,
To come and go, with blessings on each head.

Alas, how oft we make a door of Christ,
To enter when we seek for things divine,
And shut again when, easily sufficed,
We turn back to the world which has no share
In aught of aspiration or of prayer,
There to lament, and weary, and repine.

UNITY

LORD, keep me one — in deed, and word, and thought;
With such distractions all the world is rife,
And different aspects cleave as with a knife
In fragments small the good that must be sought.
Give the controlling motive, for untaught
By Thy divinity I am at strife,
And shreds and patches make my troubled life;
From out my chaos order must be brought.

Oh, unify, direct, subdue, control,
These warring elements, diverse desires,
These conflicts of the timid flesh with soul;
Hush Thou the voice that breathes the worldly word,
Attune these ears to hear Thee speak, O Lord;
Quench with Thy Spirit all the earthly fires!

THE PURGE

From bitter herbs come best medicaments,
Without alarms who knows he is secure?
The surgeon's sharp knife cuts that it may cure,
Joy is not joy without impediments,
The growing soul has noble discontents,
The false must perish, and the good endure,
Discords must end in harmony most pure,
And anguish brings about divine events.

So may it prove in this distressful day
Of fiercest war, and flaming deadly hate
When to the god they have created pray
Those ruthless Huns for victory. Oh Love
How canst Thou bear to look down from above
Where this small world is lying desolate!

THE MEADOW

HERE in my circle of greenness I sit;
Under those giant oaks centuries old
Are lying the graves of chieftains bold;
Three great flat stones, where no word is writ,
Are all that remains, memorial fit.
And yet the story most plainly is told
Of men that once lived and the manifold
Legend of life, and its grim opposite.

The forest stretches kind, sheltering arms,
The meadowland smiles, flowers open to bees,
And here stands my house secure from alarms
Where sachems held council, and warriors were born,
And Indian women once planted corn —
Life rounding its cycle under the trees.

THE FISHERMEN

I

"I go a-fishing," Simon Peter said.
The tragedy was over; three long years
Of close companionship, of hopes and fears
For earthly kingdom, years full quickly sped,
Sustained on wonder of celestial bread,
Now they were ended. Peter's bitter tears
And that last cry of anguish in their ears,
These seared their souls; all else was with the dead.

And so these seven men came drifting home,
Who thought so sadly that it had been He;
That unto Israel a king had come;
With troubled minds, and loving hearts bereft,
Worn and forlorn — and yet their work was left.
"I go a-fishing." "We also go with thee."

II

The dear familiar toil, the rhythmic swing
Of supple body standing at the oar
Grasped in the brawny hands stretched out before,
Then weight thrown backward, sturdy strokes that bring
Each muscle into play, with push and fling,
And start the clumsy boat from off the shore;
And then the nets and tackle, fishers' lore,
Familiar toil, hard, with a wholesome sting.

The sun had set, and night had settled down
Upon the mountains, and the silver sheet
Of lake that mirrors Hermon's alpine crown.
All night they labored, and made cast on cast,
All night in vain; and with the dawn at last
A voice called, "Children, have ye any meat?"

III

When as directed on the ship's right side
The net was cast and filled with fish, nor could
They draw; and John who always understood,
Who leaned upon His breast the night He died,
Had whispered to the fishers wonder-eyed
"It is the Lord," Peter, the swimmer good,
Begirt himself, and plunged into the flood
To hasten to the Lord he had denied.

What agony of penitence and love,
What comprehension, and what grace divine,
What testing of the fibre he was of,
Alone with Jesus in the dawn at last,
Who may declare? The perfect moment passed,
The boat touched shore. Said Jesus, "Come and dine."

IV

Then Simon Peter drew the net to land
Filled with great fish, a hundred and fifty-three.
There was a fire of coals beside the sea;
And Jesus took the bread, from His dear hand
As once before this little chosen band
Was fed by Him and feasted bounteously.
And none of them durst ask Him who was He,
Knowing it was the Lord, who gave command.

And so He broke for them the living bread,
Those fisher folk, with labor worn and spent,
And scarce a word was ventured to be said,
The while they groped in silent dim amaze,
And clear, and stronger, love grew in their gaze
While they partook that early sacrament.

V

So after they had dined, the Scripture says,
When rested and refreshed and comforted
By His dear presence Who they thought was dead,
He turned on Peter His calm, steadfast gaze.
Ah, who can speak the power of that blaze
Of living love, triumphant, covenanted,
Knowing reply, but probing till heart bled!
"Lovest thou me?" The thrice-repeated phrase.

Three times He asked, and three times came reply,—
"Thou knowest that I love Thee," fervent, deep,
With added force and stress of urgency.
And love was shown the outlet love would need,
For love must work — three times the mandate,
"Feed
My lambs," reiterated, "Feed my sheep."

VI

He gave them bread, who was the living Bread,
The literal bread, to nourish, and sustain
The tired body, worn by all-night strain.
"This is my body, broken for you," He said,
When in that upper room, before they fled,
He last ate with them; and now here again,
Beyond the suffering and the deadly pain,
He broke the bread of life, and blessing shed.

For Simon Peter, he who had denied,
Received the special charge again to break
That living bread. Such task did Love confide,
To feed, to nourish, to sustain, to keep
His countless hosts, His tender lambs, His sheep;
To shepherd them, to fold for His dear sake.

UTTERANCE

Out of what tears,
What furnace blasts of fiery fears,
What blind, dim gropings after light
In the chaos of black night,
Arose this song
With cadence pure and strong;
A tiny flower,
But with a dower
Of joy complete,
Surpassing sweet,
One could not guess
It grew from roots of bitterness.

"IF YE WILL INQUIRE, INQUIRE YE"

Dost thou ask what is the highest? The answer is one,
It is God.
Dost thou ask what is the lowest, where all space is done?
It is God.
And where am I, who flutter between, a moth that He has made?
And where shall I look for shelter and screen what time I am afraid?
There was no sign nor any sound to answer the soul as it prayed
And asked God.

THE ALTRUIST

If one could dig deep enough
Into the mind
What would one find?
Evil or good? What is the stuff
That maketh the man,
What is the plan
On which he is built?
It is good, I cry, good —
My God, I have not understood.
That is my guilt.

"ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE"

I ASKED to see my way:
  But Thou, who dost know me
And art of night the day,
  Didst not show me.

Like the blind man I cry
  Who would his sight receive.
A voice came in reply,
  "Dost thou believe?"

BROTHERHOOD

"Surely He hath borne our grief"
The ancient prophet sung.
Did that thought bring to Him relief
What time upon the cross He hung,
His mortal frame with anguish wrung?

But, oh, sad soul, since that great day
Thou canst not struggle all alone,
For thou must tread that ancient way
To carry sorrows not thine own
And suffer griefs thou hast not known.

LORD, RESTORE ME

LORD, restore me,
Not alone the aching body,
But the mind that loses control;
In this mortal grip of sickness
Fortify the soul.

Lord, restore me,
Give me back the early courage
Of undaunted hopeful youth.
Now when years becloud the vision
Show to me Thy Truth.

THE SPHERE

The circle of life grows wide
As it centres about the soul
With an ebb and flow of the tide
That stars in their courses guide
And the moon holds in control.

Beware, lest that circle grows less
As the swirl of life rushes by,
For it can narrow and press
Till, crushed and in sore distress,
Stands the importunate I.

Oh, trust that mighty flood,
Fare forth, a mariner free,
With scallop shell and Holy Rood,
To seek eternal founts of good,
To find the crystal sea.

THE STRUGGLE

The Beast and the Angel together strove
In the deepest depths of the soul;
And the Beast was subtle and masked as Love,
And with the crafty net that he wove
He pinioned the Angel's wings and drove
Him on to the deepest goal.

And the Angel went with pinioned wings;
But he saw and understood
That in the blackest of blackest things,—
The sin that pretends, and the poisoned stings
Of ingrate folly, and sinister flings,—
There lies a germ of good.

And when he had found it he seized it fast,
And the Beast lay felled with that blow;
For good is eternal, supernal, vast,

And the net was broken the Beast had cast,
And the Angel rose with a trumpet blast,
For the good was bound to grow.

GRIEF

O soul bereft of joy,
  Sit not in sorrow down
Upon thy bed of thorns,
  For thorns can make a crown.

THE FLAIL

The Devil took hold of his flail of fear
And he smote the soul as it prayed,
And struck at all it held sacred and dear,
At the roots of faith with a horrible leer;
And the soul was sore afraid.

Then in that smiting the scared soul saw
That fear and the Devil are one;
That courage is Godlike, that that is the law,
That man must stand upright, not crouch in awe;
And the work of the flail was done.

"I CAME NOT TO SEND PEACE, BUT A SWORD"

PEACE, peace, we cry, with anguished breath
And would forego all strife;
And know not that such peace is death,—
That man must fight for life.

Life is the cry, and life must live,
Emmanuel brings a sword;
No recreant or fugitive
Can battle for the Lord.

GADARENES

He came, the light to lighten every man
Full of the grace divine;
He came, the city to Him ran
For they had lost their swine.

He came, before Him conscious evil fled.
He could have touched each heart;
And they, because their pigs were dead,
Besought Him to depart.

"WHAT YE HEAR IN THE EAR"

A WORD was spoken in my ear,
I sought to pass it by.
(It could not be for such as I.)
A word to banish every fear
And make all sorrow die.

That word was spoken long ago,
But still it came to me
(To me, the blind who could not see)
That all that is was made to show
That Love has made us free.

"WHAT I TELL YOU IN DARKNESS"

The whisper that Thou gavest me
In hours of dark and pain
Becomes the whole eternity,
The one thing, clear and plain:

The great assurance that Thou Art,
And therefore I am I,
Because I am a minute part
Of Thy Infinity.

AFFLICTION

If I "go softly all my days,"
Let me remember this,
As I walk solitary ways
Nor share in this world's bliss —

"*Because thou didst it.*" David knew
That accolade of pain,
And rose with spirit firm and true
To praise the Lord again.

SUPREMACY

If I can trust Thee with my death,
Then why not too
With life?
With this recurring fainting breath,
This constant strife
Of body 'gainst the soul it would subdue,

And must not; till at last I learn,
Brief victory won,
That Thou
Hast set the stars to fight in turn,
That suns must bow,
To keep the soul upon its throne.

QUERY

Am I my brother's keeper?
Faint-Heart answers, No,
And wraps himself still deeper
In his own grief and woe
And paces on with footsteps proud and slow.

Am I my brother's keeper?
Great-Heart answers, Yes.
He is no drowsy sleeper—
He succors all distress,
And children's hands touch his in shy caress.

THE REPLY

Ask, the Master said;
And my soul asked of the Soul
That hovers over the whole
Of all the things that are,
And far above my head
He showed to me a star.

Seek, the Master said;
And I looked and saw on the earth
Millions of seeds come to birth
As the days fled hour by hour;
There for my feet to tread
He showed to me a flower.

Knock, the Master said;
And I came to the door of Death
With fainting and failing breath,

With anguish and keen strife,
And through that door of dread
He showed me eternal life.

HOLY GROUND

This Earth those blessèd feet have trod,
For here once walked the Son of God.

The Son of Man He called His name—
The Son of God, and yet the same.

Lo, blind Bartimæus in the way,—
He touched his eyes, and it was day.

And yet upon the mountain's crest
He stood transfigured, Heav'n's brief guest.

O Son of God, and Son of Man,
Whose life was but a single span,

I come to Thee, to height sublime,
To consecrate to Thee my time

That I may live to Thee alone—
So Earth and Heav'n shall be made one.

SWEET-PEA BLOSSOMS FOR EASTER

Rejoice, ye blossoms of the soul;
Spread to the breeze your wings;
Back from the tomb the stone doth roll,
He lives, the king of kings!

He lives! the cerements' binding bands,
Are left within the grave;
He lives, untouched by mortal hands
He lives to rule and save.

O happy morn, O joyful day,
Ye resurrection flowers
In perfume waft your sweetest lay
And lift your praise with ours.

THE CENTRE

Thou Sun and Centre of my longing soul,
Source of my life, my being's aim and end,
Thou art the mystic power of the pole
And I the needle that toward Thee must bend.

Not in cold dogma can I find repose,
No scheme of being is my spirit's quest;
I need a solace for all human woes —
Come Thou Thyself to me, transcendent Guest.

'T is love incarnate that I seek to find,
Love here and now to glorify this earth;
Lord, touch my eyes, by selfish fears made blind,
And Immortality shall come to birth.

PLENITUDE

With Thy thoughts, oh, fill my mind,
Let me think them after Thee;
In Thy plenitude to find
Calmness and serenity.

Thou dost still the boist'rous wave,
Thou dost calm the raging sea;
And Thine arm is stretched to save,
And Thy voice speaks peace to me.

Thou Thyself art being's goal,
Thou art healing for all woes;
Nothing less can stay my soul,
Nothing less can give repose.

Height nor depth my soul can move,
With Thy mighty power imbued;
Filled with Thine unchanging love
Raise me to beatitude.

GRATITUDE

The Ten were healed, yet only one
Swiftly returned
With thanks for what the Lord had done. —
The others stayed not, — he alone
With glad heart burned.

How oft we spread our wants in prayer;
Each one can plead
With urgent cry to claim his share
Of special grace, and special care
For special need.

When comes the blessing, let us raise
A thankful psalm
Of adoration and of praise
And bless the Lord in all His ways,
Both storm and calm.

A MINISTERING HYMN

And the twelve were with Him, and certain women . . . which ministered unto Him of their substance. — Luke VIII : 1, 2, 3.

WHEN our great Master walked the earth,
In that far land which saw His birth,
A company of women trod
The footsteps of the Son of God;
And all His mighty words they heard,
And to His needs they ministered.

They followed Him from Galilee;
They heard Him greeted royally.
Upon the cross they saw Him bound,
And undismayed they gathered round,
These women who had ministered
Who knew the voice that they had heard.

We see no more His gracious face,
But still there stand in His dear place

His brethren who may justly claim
Our loving service in His name.
Who to a brother's want gives heed,
Still ministers to Jesus' need.

THE CHALICE

Thou Sun and Centre of all conscious life,
Source of all being, and its goal,
Spirit serene which can control all strife,
Speak peace unto my waiting soul.

I raise myself, and humbly dare
To claim Thee, Father, for mine own,
And spread my hands before Thy feet in prayer,
In worship kneeling at Thy Throne.

I bring the open chalice of my heart
To fill with Thy beatitude;
Make me to feel I have a living part
In Thy divine Infinitude.

FOR LIGHT AND LEADING

Lead me, my God, oh, lead me,
I cannot see the way;
The shadows of desire
Shut out the light of day.
Oh, cast out every longing —
Bid anxious thought be still;
Make strong one single purpose
To know, and do Thy will.

Oh, unify, control me,
The throbbing impulse curb
That follows every phantom
Which all the winds disturb.
Speak Thou the word decisive,
Teach me, my Lord, to hear,
And run at Thy commandment
With courage and good cheer.

HANDS AND FEET

The feet that walked beside the sea
Of Galilee,
Were nailed upon the shameful tree
For me.

The hands that broke the living bread
By Galilee,
In gracious blessing were outspread
For me.

O feet that walked from day to day
In Galilee,
In Thine own rough and stony way
Lead me.

O dear anointing hands to cure
By Galilee,
And make the leper whole and pure,
Touch me.

That I may walk as did thine own
By Galilee,
And joyful live my life alone
For Thee.

A PRESENT HOPE

Lord of my life, and God of my salvation,
Oh, wilt Thou save Thy servant here and now;
Not in some distant realm of expectation,
But as before Thee in strong prayer I bow,
Cool my parched lips, and ease my fevered brow.

The fever of this world, the culmination
Of fierce desires, begot of hope and fear,
Consumes my heart; oh, send illumination
To give me light from the celestial sphere,
To make my spirit know that Thou art near.

Lord, speak the word; in lowly adoration
The seraphs sing Thy praise before Thy Throne
In holy song — this life's glad consummation —
And here stand I, thy servant, all alone;
Oh, speak the word, and count me with Thine own!

THE TIDE

Thou ocean fulness of pure love,
Unbar my being's guarded gates
And flood me from the realm above
With power which that love creates.

Sweep Thou the channels of my soul,
Obstructed by low thought, and sin;
The wonder of Thy might unroll
And with Thy fulness enter in.

Course through and through my inmost heart,
Fill me with power far from hence;
Make me to know I am a part
Of Thy divine Omnipotence.

COMPREHENSION

Lord, Thou dost know;
The fears, the self-distrusts perplex me so
I bring them all to Thee, and as the snow
Melts in the golden sun, they go.

Lord, Thou dost know;
I bring Thee longing love, that knows no name,
I bring my peace, my joy, my toil, my shame,
My trembling hope, my mortal frame.

Lord, Thou dost know;
See, I am halt and blind, and deaf and dumb,
Yet Thou who art of heaven and earth the sum
Dost bid me to Thee, so I come.

THE STAR

Oh, shining star in yon far sky,
What radiance dimmed thy light
What time the glory from on high
Broke on the shepherds' sight.

And thou didst see the heavens ope,
With sons of morn didst sing
When there appeared that star of hope
And earth received her king.

Thou hast thy secret; since that night
A radiance new is thine,
For peace on earth proclaimed its might
O'erruled by love divine.

HYMNS AND ANTHEMS SUNG AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE

I

MOUNT CARMEL

WHERE art Thou, O my Lord?
Mount Carmel saw the throng
Of priests and heard the song;
To Baal was their call —
From morn till night did fall.

Where art Thou, O my Lord?
Again Mount Carmel heard
Not in the spoken word,
Not in the earthquake's shock,
Not in the rending rock.

Where art Thou, O my Lord?
The still voice softly speaks;
Each soul it swiftly seeks
Not in the thunder roll,
But in the inmost soul.

II

VESPER HYMN

SEND peaceful sleep, O Lord, this night,
To keep us till the morning light;
And let no vision of alarm
Come near to do Thy children harm.

Within Thy circling arms we lie,
O God, in Thine infinity;
Our souls in quiet shall abide
Beset with love on every side.

III

THIS IS THAT BREAD

This is that Bread that came down from Heaven; he that eateth of this Bread shall live forever.

BREAD on which angels feed,
Bread for the spirit's need
By faith receiving,

New life do Thou impart,
New strength to every heart,
Pure love of God Thou art
To us believing.

IV

O SLOW OF HEART

O slow of heart to believe! Ought Christ not to have suffered these things and to enter into His glory?

QUICKEN, Lord, my fainting heart,
Touch my eyes that they may see,
Let me know Thee as Thou art,
Life and Immortality.

V

ALL HAIL TO THEE, CHILD JESUS!

ALL hail to Thee, Child Jesus!
As the brooding darkness flies
At the swift approach of day,
Sun of righteousness, arise,

Chase the gloom of night away.
Great Prince of Peace, come to thine own,
And build in every heart Thy throne.

Come to shed Thy healing balm
On all nations of the earth,
Child Jesus, come with holy calm,
How we hail Thy wondrous birth.
Great Prince of Peace, come to Thine own,
And build in every heart Thy throne.
All hail to Thee, Child Jesus!

VI

THE WINE-PRESS

Who is this that comes from Edom
In such glorious array,
With his festal garments gleaming,
Travelling on his royal way
With a face majestic, calm and grave?
I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

Why is thy apparel crimson,
Why is all thy garments' pride
Stained as in the time of vintage
And with blood-red color dyed?
Because of helpers I had none —
I have trodden the wine-press alone.

VII

WAKEN, SHEPHERDS

(*Angels*) HOSANNA! Hosanna! Hosanna!
(*Shepherds*) Waken, Shepherds, waken;
Whence this glowing light?
Ere the dawn of morning,
Solemn signs of warning
Portent of affright!

(*Angels*) Courage, Shepherds, courage!
Banish your dismay,
For ye all are savèd,

In the town of David
Christ is born to-day.

(*Shepherds*) Harken, Shepherds, harken,
Hear the angels sing!
Jehovah sends a token,
He Himself hath spoken
To proclaim our King.

(*Angels*) Hasten, Shepherds, hasten,
This shall be your sign:
Where the kine are stabled,
In a manger cradled
Lies the Child Divine.

(*Shepherds and Angels*) Angels, Shepherds, People,
Shout the glad refrain!
Joy to every nation
Bringing full salvation,
Christ has come to reign.
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!

THE VOICE OF MAN

I DREAMED the first night of the year
And the whole elemental round,
The whirling of this mortal sphere,
Became a majesty of sound.

The organ with its thunder rolled
With open diapason, pedal bass,
In seeming chaos uncontrolled,
A fugue which sought its resting-place.

And then, a single voice of man!
The cosmic splendor inchoate
Took on a form, revealed a plan,
Became a speech articulate.

It was no seraph in the skies,
It was no demon, muttering low,

But all that in the human lies,
The will to do, the power to know.

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, Zion, glorious things!"
Had Earth received from Heaven a token,
Had man thus taken angels' wings?

For with still increasing splendor
Rose the triumph, swelled the song;
Glorious things, the pure, the tender,
Zion, these to thee belong.

And when all the world with rapture
Seemed to perish, was dissolved,
The answer came, a moment's capture
While Heaven around the Earth revolved.

Glorious things, an angel chorus,
Flutelike treble, far and sweet,

Lifted the man's song sonorous,
Glorious things! it did repeat.

So in dreams I saw the vision,
Saw and heard, and still I hear
Voices from the fields Elysian
That sang the first night of the year.

THE WESTERN LAND

Great Western Land whose mighty breast
Between two oceans finds its rest,
Begirt with storm on either side,
And washed by strong Pacific tide;
The knowledge of Thy wondrous birth
Gave balance to the rounded earth,
In sea of darkness thou didst stand
Now first in light, my Western Land.

In thee the olive and the vine
Unite with hemlock and with pine;
In purest white the Southern rose
Repeats the spotless Northern snows;
Around thy zone the belt of maze
Rejoices in the sun's hot rays,
And all that Nature could command
She heaped on thee, my Western Land.

Great Western Land, whose touch makes free
Advance to perfect liberty!
Till right shall make thy sovereign might
And every wrong be crushed from sight.
Behold thy day, thy time is here,
Thy people great, with naught to fear,
God hold thee in His strong right hand,
My well-belovèd Western Land.

FREEDOM'S BRIDE

Great Freedom's bride, thou bounteous land
Bathed by the ocean east and west;
Thy children come, a mighty band,
To sing thy name, and call thee blest:
For thou, dear land, so great and wide,
Art Freedom's bride.

Beneath the brooding of thy wings
The alien comes to find his own;
Thy touch uncrowns the mighty kings
And sets each man upon a throne:
For thou, of all the world beside,
Art Freedom's bride.

In thee the truth shall make us free
For truth shall win, or soon, or late;

Thou hast the soul of liberty,
Thou art the battle-ground of fate:
God bless the land so glorified —
Great Freedom's bride.

YOUTH

Oh, what a fount is youth! —
A lovely stream
Of joys and fears,
Of hopes and tears,
Of ecstasy and dream.

When winds blow from the South
The world is young
To break and bend,
To wear and mend;
A glad song to be sung.

And when age comes in truth
A hint of glory stays,
A sunbeam on the ice
Can make a brave device
A halo from the days
Of love, and joy, and youth.

ILLUMINATION

Who says our eyes are holden
So that we cannot see?
Behold each sunset golden
Which sets free
The vision splendid,
By which not only youth may be attended.

Purple and gold, and pink and amethyst,
A soft, pervading mist
Lay on the tranquil sea
While gleams of glory sought the azure sky;
And the vast massive buildings towered high
Upon Manhattan on the lee,
While seaward stretched the field of cloth of gold, —
Light, beauty, peace, all that the eye could hold.

And then, as that majestic figure came in sight,
That welcomes all the world with torch of light, —

A dim pale form against the radiant west,—
The great round of the sun, a huge balloon,
A globe of glowing fire, a crimson moon
Found its rest
Upon her, and she proudly held aloft
The light that lights the world! Soft, soft,
Oh, speak no word, but open eyes to see
The vision and the ecstasy!

TRANSLATIONS

STABAT MATER

Lo, the mother's lamentation,
Tears and groans and tribulation
By the cross where hangs her Son.
And her soul while he doth languish
Spends itself in bitter anguish,
For a sword is through her run.

Who could keep from tears and crying,
Who could see the mother's sighing,
And behold her in her pain;
Who so lost to all sensation
When he saw such desolation
Would not weep, and weep again?

For the healing of the nations
Were her Son's humiliations

And she saw the bitter scourge;
Saw him hang by grief o'ertaken;
Saw him, by his friends forsaken,
Give his life to be sin's purge.

Jesus' mother, love's foundation,
Make me feel thy desolation,
That with thee I too may grieve;
Make my heart to be full flooded
With the love of thy belovèd,
That with thine my breast may heave.

Holy mother, thy affliction
At that awful crucifixion
Make me feel within my heart;
Thy Son slain for my transgression,
He, of worth beyond expression,
Of thy pain let me bear part.

I would weep with true emotion,
I would sorrow with devotion
Until breathed my latest breath;
This my only true desire,
To stand with thee, to press still nigher
To where my dear Lord hangs in death.

Maid, above all maidens raisèd,
Deign to hark to me abasèd,
Deign to let me mourn with thee;
That Christ's death I may remember,
His passion feel in every member,
And his sufferings live in me.

Make my grief be unabated
With the cross inebriated
With the love of thy dear Son;
Then, Virgin, when my days are ended,
Oh, may I be from flames defended
Before the Judge, the Blessèd One.

In the cross's strong protection
Place me in thy Son's affection,
Pardoned by his dying grace.
And when shall die this body mortal
Ope' thou to me the heavenly portal
Of paradise, the glorious place.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON

(Johann Friedrich von Cronegk, 1758)

Have mercy, Lord, weak is my heart
And bound to foolish pleasures,
And oft in joy, or sorrow's smart,
Prone to expend its treasures.
A reed which trembles in the wind,
So wavers my unstable mind
In sorrow and in weakness.
When shall I find true rest and stay
And walk with certain steps the way,
And choose the good with meekness?

Oh, may my heart from this glad time
No longer roam in error;
Uplift me to the heavenly clime
And banish every terror.

When Thy good Spirit's might so great
The new heart in me shall create,
Be granted my petition;
I dedicate myself to Thee,
Oh, shed Thy gracious love on me;
From Thee comes the fruition.

AT EVENTIDE

(*Im Abendrothe.* C. Lappe.)

Oh, how fair is this Thy world,
Father, when the sun is beaming,
When Thy glories are unfurled,
And the dust with gold is gleaming!
When the red that in the evening glows,
Calms my heart to still repose.

Could I borrow aught of sorrow,
Aught of strife 'twixt me and Thee?
No! there dawns a glad to-morrow
And Thy love is ever free.
So my soul before I take my flight,
Bathes in joy, and quaffs Thy light.

THE ANGELS

(*Old French*)

Angels o'er the countryside
Are singing a celestial hymn,
Mountain echoes far and wide
Repeat the chant of seraphim.
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, tell me why this song,
Wherefore is this joyous strain,
What victor comes in valor strong,
Who receives this glad acclaim?
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

They announce the Holy birth,
A Saviour born in Israel,
Peace has come to reign on earth,
Joy descends with man to dwell.
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, leave your lowly cares,
  Join the joyful angel band,
Bring your grateful psalms and prayers,
  Wake the happy sleeping land.
    Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Seek that quiet village street
  Where the Prince of Peace is born,
Join with angel voices sweet
  Welcoming the happy morn.
    Gloria in excelsis Deo!

"QUITTEZ, PASTEURS"

(*Old French*)

Ye shepherds leave
The care of flocks so fleecy,
  Your shepherd's crook,
  And softly running brook,
And change your tears
To joy profound and singing:
  Oh, come in adoration
To Him, to Him
  Who brings you consolation.

Ye will find Him
Lie cradled in a stable.
  A tender child,
  In darkest midnight wild.
O Love most great,

We own thy mighty power,
The love that comes to keep.
He is, He is
The Shepherd of the sheep.

Kings of the East,
The star illumes your pathway
To this great King,
Ah, homage pure ye bring.
The radiant star
Leads you to the full daylight
Of this sun far from hence.
Oh, bring, Oh, bring
Gold, myrrh, and frankincense.

Spirit divine,
To whom all things are possible,
Pierce our heart's night
With Thine own living light:

Move us to praise.
We praise Thee for Thy mercy,
  For God Himself hath given
New life, new life,
  To make our earth a heaven.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

(*From the German*)

Deck thyself, thou glowing sphere,
Let the tree-tops joyful tremble,
Fallow deer come here assemble
For the world's delight draws near!
Tender flowers without number,
Open dewy eyes from slumber!
Blossom fairer,
Drawing nearer —
Comes the Mother with the Child.

Little birds in meadow land
Now your joyous flight be winging,
Tender songs ye would be singing
With the lovely angel band.
Through the dawning wind of morning
Touch the tree-tops in sweet warning,

Softly blowing,
Gently going —
Comes the Mother with the Child.

Deer and birds, and wind and trees,
Shout, oh shout for joy in Chorus ;
Fear ye not your voice sonorous,
Wakes Him on His Mother's knees !
Sing your slumber songs before Him,
Yea, though countless worlds adore Him !
Blossom fairer,
Drawing nearer —
Comes the Mother with the Child.

PILGRIMAGE

(*Kruezzug.* LEITNER)

A SILENT monk in cloister gray
At his cell window stands,
While knightly hosts in rich array
Move by in shining bands.

They march on singing undismayed
In chorus sweet and strong;
The banner of the cross displayed
Above the knightly throng.

They hold their course right toward the sea,
The ship they stand upon,
And forth it flies so merrily
It soon looks but a swan.

The monk stands at his window sill
And gazes on their way;
I am a pilgrim like ye still,
Though here at home I stay.

Life's journey on, through seas of rage
And burning wastes of sand,
Is verily a pilgrimage
Unto the promised land.

ASPIRATION

(*Sehnsucht.* EMANUEL GEIBEL)

Now wanders from the mountain height
Unto the sea, the summer night;
And dreamily, with glowing mind,
Through shadows deep my way I wind.
Intoxicating odors rare
The blooming vine breathes on the air,
The glow-worm weaves his brightest maze
  Within the shadow of the spire;
  And overhead, with solemn fire,
The stars look down with mystic gaze.

This is the hour, passing fair,
When Aspiration fills the air,
Which is of wood, of field, of stone,
The inmost kernel of each one;

That Aspiration, which with might
Forces the spring up to the light;
Which from the forest to the skies
A thousand living arms doth lift,
From flinty rock as echo hies;
Which girts the world on breezes swift;
Which though the nightingale is raising
Her pearly song thy ears doth greet,
And from the eyes of flowers sweet
Toward thee with silent soul is gazing.

O Aspiration! Like a child
By song thou 'rt lulled to peaceful sleeping,
And, hardly waked, again art weeping,
Thy sad tears flowing wan and wild;
My heart and mind are borne away
Upon thy mournful wings to-day!
Methinks in space I must be soaring
Unbodied, vastest realms exploring;

With rapture would I pour my whole,
My truest self, my deepest soul,
The garnered treasure of my breast,
Pure thought, and love, my pain, my rest,
The innermost of all my mind,
All in a single word combined, —
As in a golden chalice stored
Most lavishly to be outpoured!

In vain! No word how great so-e'er
Can free the spirit from its care;
The burning thirsts thy soul that fill
No earthly streams can ever still.
I fancied once in golden hour,
When bloomed my young heart's time of May,
The riddle solved lay in my power,
And Love should all my pain allay;
Yet what was dear, for which I prayed —
That came — and Aspiration stayed.

Then peace! my wild unrest be mute!
Not all that blooms here comes to fruit;
Thou hast, while still earth's silent guest,
Within thee what in Heaven should rest.
What ceaseless drives thee, night and day,
  Upon thy dark way anxious roving
  Is but that wings are softly moving,
Within the chrysalis of clay;
A homesickness, scarce known to thee,
A longing for Eternity.

PART III

STUDIES IN BLANK VERSE

THE ILLUMINATORS

(Read at the Installation of the Eta Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Massachusetts, at Wellesley College, January seventeenth, 1905)

PRELUDE

The sky that arched those convent walls
Was far and blue and deep,
And moonbeams lighted marble halls
When all were sunk in sleep.
Massive and strong it crowned its hill
And looked far down the plain
On vineyards tended by the skill
Of many a serf for good or ill,
Born on its wide domain.

Men lifted up a hand devout
And made the holy sign
As they passed by the great redoubt
Or crossed the bound'ry line;

For holy women, so men said,
Strong in the might of midnight prayer
And life of service humbly led,
The Brides of Christ, the living Head,
In virgin state lived there.

In virgin state these virgins came,
And brought a goodly dower,
Fair maids of high degree, whose name
Was part of Spanish power.
A noble house an offering brought,
A spotless lamb, a daughter fair,
A sacrifice, by which it sought
Amends to make for battles fought
By days and nights of prayer.

The Abbess was alone within her cell,
A tiny room where fell a square of light

Through mullioned window on the floor of stone.
The crucifix upon the wall was carved
Of massive silver. From an ebon cross
The suffering Saviour looked; contorted brow
And anguished limbs, the Man of Grief was he.
The Abbess looked with anguish on his face,
Not from such suffering could she draw repose
And she was sore distressed. Irresolute
She stood, and then with furtive gliding step,
Yet with the grace of one who can command,
She slipped from out her cell, out to the light.
What blaze of color burning all around!
The golden oranges upon the trees
Gave back the sun's own gold; and crimson
blooms
Hung on the oleanders, and ran wild
O'er stone carved seats, and massive arches too.
The cloister garden in the sunshine lay,
And basked in peace and beauty, light and air.

This glory faced the Abbess as she walked
Sombre and grave, a soul that cared for souls,
And carried souls she cared for in her heart.
Yet though she would not look about, nor see
The loveliness of blossom and of bird,
She could not help the healing touch of sun,
And felt her burden lightened in that air.
But steadfastly she paced the distance short
Across the cloister, and the great oak door
Swung on its iron hinges let her in.
The Chapel this. As one who knows her way
Though blinded by the sudden change to dark
Swiftly she sped, and swiftly knelt her down.
Slowly from out the gloom there grew a face,
Slowly there dawned upon the face a smile,
Slowly the picture took on form and shape
To eyes all dazzled by the noonday sun.
Slowly the child grew from a spot of light,
Slowly the form and color sweetly came,

The deep red robe of love, the mantle blue,
The snowy veil that decked and half concealed
The Virgin's lovely brow, 'neath which her eyes
With steadfast gaze, most intimate, most mild,
Sought out her worshipper.

Due reverence paid
The forms of prayer, the aves hurried through.
The Abbess came to bare her secret heart,
To breathe her inmost prayer.

"Oh, thou who art
A maid, and yet the Queen of Heaven, give ear.
These maids have I, sweet maids, the daughters too
Of kingly houses, brides of thy dear Son,
How shall I keep them true, how use their time
When even I, deep in my heart revolt
From just the daily round of prayer and praise.
They would do something, join themselves in more
Than mystic union with the work of Christ.
And yet beyond these stony convent walls

They may not go, nor see without the veil
The face of any from beyond these gates.
Sweet Mother, pity me, and thy sweet dove
Who 'gainst these iron barriers beats her wings,
The child of grace and fire, fit to command
When she obedience learns, and learning it
At such a cost of bitter, bitter tears.
She tends the flowers, but they fade at last;
She keeps the holy hours, and they are done;
She sings thy praises; with her breath they die.
What wilt thou give, in which her ardent soul
And her keen mind, that 's cast in wisdom's mould,
May find employ? She may not fare abroad,
Her lily hands she may not soil; too high
Her noble lineage; a fitting mate
For princes, or for kings, she is bound fast
By iron vows. I too am bound, but long,
Long passed is all the bitterness for self.
But, holy Mother, pity her, and show

Some open pathway where her willing feet
May tread. She may not touch the time to come
In the glad natural, human way, no child
Of hers can carry on her love. How shall
It find a way to join the noble stream,
The streaming glory of this mighty world,
To join which is the deepest inborn right
Of all created souls, deep as the need
To join in universal praise, a praise unique
And yet in concord of full harmony
As mingling praises, souls with souls unite."
Long knelt the Abbess there, in thought profound,
That lapsed from conscious prayer to gropings dim
And ardent yearnings for the unknown good;
That rapt her from the world and things of sense,
Until an open vision slowly dawned,
A glimmer of a way in which to walk.
Slowly the solemn strokes of noon rang out
The three times three, the noonday call to prayer,

And here was sunshine and the earth again,
But earth with all its flowers and birds and bees
And smiling hillside sloping to the plain.

For many months the Abbess' vision grew,
Stone benches filled the cloister arches now,
Between the massive pillars toward the light.
And little stools the maidens brought, and worked
At drawing all the lovely garden forms —
The climbing vine, with its five-parted leaf,
The rose with all its thorns to weave in crowns,
The tiny bird with full inflated throat
Casting his very life in joyous song.
And other maidens ground the colors rare,
The glowing red which is the hue of love,
And deepest blue pure as the summer sky,
And green the tint of springtime and of hope.
Long training followed, and then came the work,
The tiny sheets of vellum all inscribed

With holy prayers and joyous hymns of praise,
With maxima, and breve, and semibreve,
The square black notes upon the four-lined staff.
And everywhere there bloomed some flower of love.
The letter of the Holy Name appeared
In red and gold; was burnished bright
By hours of labor with an agate tool.
And on the margin of the page a vine
Ran up and down with leaves of gold and green;
And sitting on his haunches some small beast,
A rabbit, or a squirrel, praised the Lord.

So grew the work, each book a work of years
For many hands, each page a work of love,
Of love that pierced beyond the present day,
The actual day of doing, to the years
Which should come after, which that book should see,
When hands that fashioned it, and hearts that planned
Should long have found their tranquil last repose.

They tell us so was learning kept alive;
We have the books to prove it; some perchance
Whose glowing page these maiden hands have wrought
With gold and colors rare, the added touch
Of loving care, superfluous indeed
For the bare meaning of the text, whose words
Are clearly traced, and plainly to be read;
But making it a permanent delight,
Baptizing it with beauty's wondrous power,
A gleam of glory added to the day.

That was the time, in which those maidens wrought,
When to a woman's faith we owe our land.
'T was that fair Queen through whom the blessing
came
Because she too believed. And in the north
That noble foundress of a noble line
Of scholars who have moved the world, had heard
Of that far new-discovered land in which

The first of all the colleges should be
Descendant of her own, which she called Christ's.
And through that woman's thought we stand to-day
A company of women, far removed
In time and aims from ancient convent days
And schools for girls that Lady Margaret knew.
They trained for heaven; we for heaven through earth,
Till this life shall begin eternal day.
And as they glorified their written page
So is it ours to glorify our time
With flowers of love, and buds of hope and faith,
And songs of joy to wake a weary world
And set it singing on its onward way.
'T is maiden hands must beckon up and on,
'T is maiden hands must crown achievement's height,
'T is mother love that shines in women's eyes,
Or maid or matron, must illume the world.
The seers they, God gave them eyes for that
To pierce below the mask, to seize the truth,

To show it forth in colors pure and clear.
And now with minds made flexible and strong
To choose the best, a mighty host comes forth
In whose pure hands there rests the fate of men.
Illuminators they, not mere embellishers,
To beautify and grace the common task —
Though that itself should be no mean employ —
But higher still their clear light shall illume
The secret places of the earth, find faith
Deep hid in stony hearts, show where love hides
Because no soul has recognized his face,
Make paths of light for men to travel in,
Build rainbow bridges, that shall span the stars.

MIRIAM

And when the cloud was lifted from those three,
Lo, Miriam was leprous, white as snow!
The people stood aghast, and shrank away
As shadow-like she passed. Straight through the camp
She took her way, the prophetess, the chief
Of women; who had heard the Highest speak
In holy dreams; who had declared his ways
And sung His praise; lo, now an outcast, vile,
With covered face, and thrust without the camp.
Men stood amazed, and death-like silence fell
Upon the host, as Miriam hastened on,
And muttered in a hoarse and broken voice,
"Unclean, unclean!"

Then stirred my heart within me,
And I ran and touched her, seized her hand.

"My mistress, oh, my mistress" — so I cried —
"Let me go with thee!" while a sullen roar
Arose from all the watching crowd — "Thou too
Art now unclean," — and loudest shrieked the voice
Of those I loved, the dear ones in the tent.
But on my father's face I saw a smile
(His was the house of Levi), and he said —
"Go, child, and comfort her, I'll bring thee food."
So forth we fared together, she and I,
For she held fast my hand, although no word
She spoke. Through all that sea of eager folk
We passed. 'T was like the Red Sea passage with
Its massive walls of water, which I scarce
Remember, such a child was I. But these
Were living walls, with curious human eyes,
Some mocking, some rejoicing at the fall
Of Miriam, the noblest of them all;
And some with pity for her, and with tears.
So went we onward through that mighty host

And stood without the camp. And there were men
Who pitched a tent for Miriam, at command
Of my lord Moses; some fresh water brought,
And some great sacks of wool: and all the while
She stood apart, in gloomy silence wrapt
As in a shroud. When all was done, the men
Moved off, and presently my father came.
Upon his arm some badgers' skins he bore,
And in his hand a cruse of milk, and dates,
And manna, freshly gathered at the dawn.
He set them on the ground, for he, a priest,
Might not approach to anything unclean.
"Thy father's God shall bless thee, child," he said;
"And thee, too, mighty Miriam; and thou
Shalt see again the visions of the Lord
And hear His voice more plainly than before."
Whereat she smiled a rueful smile, and bowed
Her head, but spake no word.

And now the day
Was gone, and evening chill fell cold among
The mountain peaks of Hazeroth. I prayed
My mistress then to eat, and built a fire,
And begged her come and warm herself. But she
Beside the tent door sat, and shook her head.
And then the stars began to shine, and glowed
The cloudy pillar, hanging o'er the camp.
Whereon my mistress spoke in gentle tones
And bade me sleep, for she, she said, must watch
Awhile. Obedient, then I laid me down,
But purposed in my heart to watch also.
I must have slept, for presently I woke,
And saw the moon late rising o'er the hills
Look through the tent door. There sat Miriam
Erect and strong, her white hair not more white
Than was her ashen face, and she sang low:
"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed
Gloriously." She ceased, and bowed her to the earth.

"Full well am I called Miriam," she cried;
"Exalted, yea, exalted once, when I
Led forth the women in the joyful dance
With timbrel and with song, and praised the Lord;
Now bitterness I taste as of the sea."
She bowed herself again and ceased. And then,
After long pause of silent agony,
Broke forth anew: "My little Moses, mine,
Belov'd, son of my soul, whose tender life
These young arms held. Who watched o'er thee upon
The banks of treacherous Nile? Who quickly ran
And faced the princess proud, with good excuse
To call a nurse, and brought thee home again?
Thy life was in my hand; my maiden breast
For thee knew all a mother's fears and joys,
First born, most dear art thou of all my sons.
And when I saw thee learnèd in the arts
Of Egypt, how my soul rejoiced in thee,
And pride and love conjoined to call thee mine!

My brother! Did not all that ancient love,
That service, and my older years, my gifts
Of prophecy, my holy dreams, give me
Some right of judgment when thou prov'st thyself
A man, and takest thee an alien wife?"

Again a pause, and longer than before,
And then in tones more resolute she spoke:
"The bitterness is mine, I drain the cup,
And lo, the dregs turn honey in my mouth.
I said, I see, and so was blind; I said,
I know, and so was but a fool. The gift
Of God is given to him who can receive.
He gave me gifts, and I but shut them out,
Not seeing in the light that His gifts shed,
But in my pride of darkness. Whereas he,
My brother, saw the glory of the Lord,
Had open vision, heard the voice of God
Yet was withal so meek, that in my pride
I said my gifts are equal his, and made

My older years excuse for judgment, turned
My love to uses base, and rashly wrought
Sedition in the camp. Love gives no right
To sit in judgment on another's acts.
Each stands or falls to God alone — the Just,
The Wise, the Wonderful, I bless His name."

Again she ceased. The night was spent, the east
Flushed with the tint of dawn upon the hills.
She rose, and stood beside the open door.
The light fell on her, lo, her leprosy
Had vanished; pure and smooth her noble brow,
The flush of dawn was painted on her cheek.
There stood she, tall, commanding as of yore,
But with a softened grace, as stately palms
Bedewed with rain; and, as the sun arose,
Arose her voice, sonorous, strong and clear,
"Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed
Gloriously."

A DISCIPLE OF JOHN

Wait here, my son ; beneath this olive tree
We 'll rest awhile. Dost see far down the vale
The streak of silver where the Jordan winds
Among the grassy fields of Ænon, fair
And clothed with living verdure, as of old
When John, my master, stood upon this plain?
And yonder, in the hazy distance, stands
Salim, the city of the purple hills.

It was in Ænon that the Baptist taught,
And cried to all the world, "Repent, repent!"
Then from the towns and country roundabout,
From near and far, in multitudes men came
Until it seemed the whole world came to him.
And there was one, thou know'st he called the Lamb,
Who also was baptized of him, — not here,
But lower down the Jordan's silver stream.

Then came men to my master, even John,
With strange reports of all the Lamb did do:
That men were healed, the blind restored to sight,
The lepers cleansed; and yet He seemed, they said,
A simple man, who went from place to place
With few to follow, save some needy friends.
Then John called Ezra to him, wise and good,
His father's friend, the eldest of our band.
"Good Ezra," said he, "sore perplexed am I;
I said, in truth, He is the Lamb of God,
But now some months are passed, and He delays
To tell the people that He is from God.
Now, go, I pray thee, rise to-morrow morn,
Take with thee Uzal here, the lad thou lov'st,
And go to Jesus. When thou comest say:
'John Baptist sent us unto Thee to ask
Art Thou Messias that should come, or look
We for another?' Mark his answer well,
Then swift return, and bring me word again."

So on the morrow forth we fared — 't was then
I saw this olive first — and toward the north
We pushed our way to lower Galilee.
That night we lay at Nain, and there we heard
The wondrous story of the dead man raised.
And all along the way, where'er we passed,
We saw and heard of cures most marvellous.
About the sixth hour of the second day
We came to Jesus. Round Him was a throng
Of halt, and lame, and blind, and close at hand
A little group of lepers, ghastly white,
Stood waiting to be healed. Long stood we there.
At last good Ezra, for the day waxed old,
Pushed through the throng and stood at Jesus' side,
And gave the message even as John said.
And He made answer: "Go," said He, "and tell
The Baptist all that ye have seen; the blind
Receive their sight, the lame are healed and walk,
The lepers cleansed, and to the poor is preached

The Gospel; blest is he who shall not be
In me offended." So we took our way
Again toward John.

But as we fared along
The voice of Jesus ever called me back.
Most wondrous voice; its like was ne'er before
Nor yet shall be. Not as my master John's;
For when he cried, "Repent, repent," the sound
In solemn verberations shook men's souls,
And chased the faintest shadows in their minds
And terrified and brought them to his feet.
Not so the Lamb's voice. Hast thou heard the harp
Within the Temple, on the solemn feast?
Like to the deepest string, where strings are ten;
Sustained, and strong, and soft, at once, its sound.
So was His voice; and as the archer wings
His arrows to their mark, so flew His words.
To each they flew, as if each stood alone,

And talked with him as friend, in confidence
And comprehension that was perfectness.
So as we left Him, still my soul returned.
"Good Ezra," said I, "pray thee say not nay,
But let me run back quickly to the Lamb.
I fain would hear again His voice, and see,
Perchance, more deeds as wondrous as before.
The sun is not yet set, and I am young
And swift of foot; before night falls I will
O'ertake thy steps; I pray thee, let me go."
And he made answer: "Go, my son, thy youth
Is in thy blood; go thou and see, and hear.
For me, what I have seen to-day gives food
To meditate upon a thousand years."

So straightway I returned with joy. I heard
Him speaking still as I came near, and all
The throng was hushed in silence for to hear.
"What went ye to the wilderness to see?

A reed? — a reed that 's shaken with the wind?
What went ye to the wilderness to see?
A man in goodly raiment? They, behold,
In palaces of kings are surely found.
What went ye for to see? A prophet? Yea,
A prophet and much more. Of women born,
Than John the Baptist is no greater one."
My glad heart filled with love to hear such praise,
To hear such witness fall from Jesus' lips!
Then, full of joy, I turned again, and ran
And told good Ezra all I heard.

Full short
The journey back to our dear master, John;
For each lived over in those weary leagues
The wonders of the few brief hours, and heard
Again that voice, whose words shall move the world.
And on the evening of the second day
We passed by Salim yonder, and we came

Unto this tree; and here our master came
To meet us. Sore perplexed he seemed. His eyes
Set in the caverns of his brow looked wild.
Erect and gaunt was he, with raven hair,
And strong, large-featured face, with wondrous eyes,
That saw as they saw not, or seeing, saw
Strange sights, undreamt of by mere human gaze.
So stood he waiting while the sunset light
Made red a golden glory round his head.
Then Ezra told the message every word,
And told of all the mighty works we saw.
Our master listened, as one thirsty drinks;
The words sunk in his spirit; and, at last,
Good Ezra said, — "And to the poor, He said,
Is preached the Gospel." Then John raised his head,
And all his soul was in his eyes: "My joy
Now therefore is fulfilled. He must increase,
And I must decrease. This my joy is now
Fulfilled." With solemn ecstasy he spoke;

The setting sun shot up his golden beams
To heaven, while his mighty spirit rose
On soaring wings of praise to God's great throne:
"This my joy now therefore is fulfilled."

Thou knowest all that afterwards befell —
How John was taken, and by wicked hands
Beheaded; how the Lamb became in truth
The very Lamb of God, a sacrifice
For us. Some, thou knowest, thought that He
Was John the Baptist, risen from the dead.
These eyes beheld Him, yea, these ears once more
Were blest in hearing Him say, "Peace." I thought
That with Him John might rise and come again,
Since of all prophets none was more than he.
But John rose not; and now these many years
I go from place to place, and preach the Lamb.

And often, lonely on some hilltop bare,
When starry night speaks peace unto my soul,

I ponder on that word that Jesus spake —
"A prophet, yea and more. Of women born,
Than John the Baptist is no greater one."
So oftentimes I mused upon that word.
Than Moses greater? — who from Egypt led
The people through the wilderness, who spoke
With God, to whom the law was given, whose words
Shall last through time? — or than Elijah? — bold,
Denouncing kings? He also cried, "Repent,"
And stirred the nation with his mighty words,
And wondrous deeds. No wondrous deeds did John.
Or David? — king and prophet too, belovèd
Of God, in whom the nations all are blessed,
Whose matchless songs the Lamb Himself did sing.
E'en more than these? methought, in thought perplexed.
And then there came this word to answer me:
"He must increase, I must decrease; my joy
Now therefore is fulfilled." Who else, before

Or since, could say that saying as said John?
For Moses in the wilderness in wrath
Called forth the water, not in God's high name,
But in his own. And great Elijah hid
In mountain fastnesses, in self-despair,
And thought that he alone was faithful still.
And David did the deed he knew was wrong,
And censured in another. In all these
The thing that was themselves, the acting will,
Intruded 'twixt themselves and God, and turned
Aside the bright rays of His righteousness,
He meant to light their paths with perfect light,
Till in the crises of their lives they scarce
Discerned their way, in their own shadows walked,
And in a mist of darkness lost their sight.
But John, my master, had to this attained,
That to himself, himself did not exist.
He had, in truth, become a living Voice,
A Voice that spoke the words he heard of God.

He was not humble; rather, I may say,
He was Humility itself; his life
Lost in the perfect Life of God, his joy
Fulfilled to know that Life on earth was come.

So oft I muse; then all discouragement,
All grief, that men are deaf and will not hear,
All weariness, fall from me; and I bless
My master John who led me to the Lamb,
And try to say with him, in perfect faith:
"This, my joy, now therefore is fulfilled."

BETHESDA

Yea, it is true, most strange sights have I seen.
These three days' journey from Jerusalem,
With all the throng returning from the feast,
I 've pondered o'er and o'er the wondrous tale
Which I would fain repeat to thee, my friend,
To thee alone, and first; for thou and I
Think not as do the vulgar crowd, nor as
Some persons of our sect the Sadducees,
Who but maintain the opposite to that
The Pharisees are pleased to call the Law.
But thou and I have ever sought the truth,
Lifting her veils, one after one, perchance
At last to see some glimpse of her real face.

Thou knowest the sheep gate of Jerusalem?
Dost mind thee, too, there is a pool near by?
A tank it is, with water dark and red,

Not pleasing to the eye. Around is built
A colonnade, with roof and porches five,
A place that 's sheltered from the sun, and cool
At midday. Here there lay sick folk, a throng
Of blind, and lame, with divers sore diseased.
The place was full, so full that walking through —
It was the Sabbath day — I gathered close
My mantle's fringe, lest I should touch some one
And be defiled. Why lay they there, sayest thou?
An angel, say they, comes at certain times
To move the water; whosoever then
First steps in afterward is healed. An angel
Say they! Thou and I hold that none exist.
Rather say the spring which feeds the tank
Sends bubbles from its secret source. How they
Can cure I know not. 'T is one delusion more
The ignorant believe.

I waited, though,
To see this so-called wonder, marvelling much

At the great numbers gathered there in hope
Of being cured. I spoke to one or two, —
One blind man, one deformed, and one who was
Possessed with devils, — so they said, — but that
Again is but a name, since we believe
There are no spirits. One old man I saw
For eight and thirty years in suffering bent.
He lay so patiently, he was so old,
I gladly would have helped him if I could.
And many more there were, disease and sin
Writ on their faces. So I walked about;
But still the angel tarried, and I laughed
In secret, thinking he would tarry long.

And as I stood there waiting some one came
And spoke to the old man I told thee of.
His face I saw not; the old man's I saw,
And heard him tell his tale as he told me.
And then I heard clear and distinct the voice

Of Him he spoke to. It was not loud, or strong,
But with a power of energy and life.
"Rise," He said, "take up thy bed and walk."
And the man rose, took up his bed, and walked!
I tell thee I saw him, one moment lie
A helpless, shapeless mass of suffering,
The next erect and strong upon his feet!
What shouts of praise went up from all around!
The man himself seemed dazed, and said no word,
But moved about as in a dream, his bed
Upon his back, as if he feared to change
From that one pose, in which he found his strength.
Then those who looked on of the Pharisees
Forbade him, saying 't was the Sabbath day.
But of the man Himself, who bade him rise,
I saw no trace; the crowd was great, and He
Had no apparel to distinguish Him.

Thou knowest we are wont to think the people
Run to superstition, are credulous,

Like to believe the marvellous. In proof
We cite the fables of the Oral Law,
And show by argument, and reasoning just,
They are but tales unworthy of belief.
I will confess my reason was disturbed
By this great sight; but soon returned to me
My proper state of mind, weighing and questioning
All things. It is some juggler's trick, said I,
Or if no trick, then something all can do.
The miracles of old, of which we read
Have long since ceased. It cannot be that now
A man works wonders. Put it to the test.
Whereon I went to one who prostrate lay —
A strong young man, some accident had lamed —
I went to him, stood by him, bade him rise.
A sudden flash of joy came in his face,
He started up, then fell back with a groan,
And muttered awful curses in his beard.
I scarce can tell thee how I felt, rebuked,

Humiliated, and distressed. His words
Were more than I could bear. I fled away,
I scarce knew whither, till I found myself
At last within the Temple's cooling shade.

There standing right in front of me, was He,
The man I saw who bade the lame man rise
And he did rise. I saw His face, I say.
Like to the shining sun upon the sea —
A blaze of dazzling light it shone on me.
How can I tell thee? It was as if the crust,
The circumstance, exterior show of life
Was broken suddenly, and I saw beneath
Into the ever living true, and real.
Ever living, say I, for then I knew
The life of me was but the soul. The soul,
Say I, who said there was no soul. All this
I saw and knew in seeing that man's face.
Ah, friend, it is the truth we have grown gray

In searching for. I heard Him speak strange words,
My mind as yet refuses to recall.
I shall remember — some have come to me —
For they are writ so deep upon my life,
Which now I call my soul, that I shall live
Upon them all my days. "My Father worketh
Hitherto, and I work," I heard Him say,
And when He said His Father, He meant God.
They murmured at this saying, but not I,
For in the splendor of new light I had
I felt new possibilities arise —
Not new, perhaps, but hidden far away —
And now so strong that I could almost call
Jehovah Father; much more He whose look
Opened mine eyes, and gave me this new birth.
And more He said, of power on Him conferred,
And judgment, and authority, and life
Given to the Son — that is Himself He means —
Because He is the Son of Man. Think, friend,

One moment said He Son of God, and then,
The Son of Man. Can it be true, indeed,
Two natures so united in one man?
Why, then were solved the conflicts we now feel,
The I, of me, the thou, of thee, the life
Of each transmuted in the life of God!
Why, then the common people with their talk
Of angels are more nearly right than we.
Though 't is in truth a bubble that disturbs
The waters, 't is an angel of the Lord —
For high and low, once joined, and in one man,
There is no more nor high, nor low, but God
In all. I no more marvel at His works;
I had the will to help, and He the power.
'T is but the natural working of the law
He lives in. Thy reason staggers at this word?
We know so much, is it not reasonable
To think that there is more beyond to know?
New law, new life, new light forevermore

To break upon us, till we utterly
Are joined in soul with God.

Strange were His words,
Enough to ponder on a lifetime long —
The Son of Man, and yet the Son of God.
What thinkest thou, my friend, can it be true?

THE PRIEST OF JUPITER

MORNING

Lystra, a city of Lyconia,
Stood on its little hillock girt with walls,
A citadel set in the blazing sun.
And farther northward opposite the gates
Another hill was crowned with shady trees,
Olive, and laurel, and immortal bay,
Which cast their shadow on a temple built
Of cream-white marble, with a noble front
Of five great fluted columns, and a porch
On which the sunlight played through leafy shade
And mottled all the floor with flecks of gold.

And here ere break of day an aged man,
Lord of the place, the temple's chiefest priest,
Approached; then nobly made his reverence

And opened wide the door. Darkness and night
Lay slumbering within. Turned toward the east,
With upraised arms, and lifted head, —
A statue in his perfect immobility, —
He waited for the coming of the sun.
The golden flush of early morning skies
Grew deeper; like an arrow from the bow
The first bright ray pierced through the open door
And touched the forehead of the god within,
An instant only, but transfiguring
All that dark chamber with its radiance.
Then priestly voices broke in solemn song
And the great daily miracle was wrought.

The light passed swiftly, and the aged priest
Entered the temple and shut fast the door.
Alone he stood, alone before his god.
"Father of gods and men, great Zeus," he cried,
"Thanks, thanks to Thee, to Thee immortal praise.

We also are Thine offspring, praise is due
To Thee always, at all times, but most now
When Thou dost condescend to visit man,
Not in the semblance of a beast, or bird,
Not as some fabled monster of the deep,
But in the likeness of a man, come down
To heal and succor all distress and pain.
And most I thank Thee for that impotent
And crippled man, lame from his mother's womb,
Who only yesterday at Thy command
Leapt up and walked, for Thou art merciful;
The city is rejoicing in Thy grace.
Not for the deed alone do I rejoice,
But most of all that Thou shouldst condescend
To leave Elysium, and the fertile fields
Of asphodel, to come down unto us.
Here in Thy temple have I daily prayed
And sacrificed, performed the pious rites,
Hoping yet fearing such a manifest.

Wouldst Thou descend in raging, fiery flame,
Or as some fearful beast demanding blood?
Mine should be given, and I would not flinch.
But here as man Thou comest and to heal.
Such power is godlike, surely God is come.
I question not, 't is mine to recognize
The Deity, to lead the glad acclaim.

(*He leaves the temple, and calls to the attendant priests.*)

Bring forth the oxen, choose the whitest pair,
And bind their horns with roses, garlands weave
About their lordly necks, processions lead
To Lystra's gate, for we to-day perform
A sacrifice unto the gods who are
In likenesses of men come down to us."

EVENING

(The inner shrine of the Temple. The priest prostrates himself before the statue of Jupiter)

"Thou didst deny thyself! Why didst Thou hide?
It was a noble shape of man for Thee
To dwell in and inhabit; a full head
Above his fellows, young, with raven locks,
A body fit for even Thee, great Zeus.
And surely 't was Mercurius with Thee,
He of the golden tongue, the speaker swift,
Light as the messenger of gods should be.
In stature small, but glowing countenance
With deep eyes holding light, eyes which can see
Eternal verities, and lips to speak
The gracious words which give them utterance
'T was He who frustrated the sacrifice
And ran amid the crowd, and rent his clothes,
Declaring they were men of passions like
To us. Why, mighty Lord, didst Thou deny?

For surely Thou wert there to heal the man.
Some power not of men was manifest,
Some gift from heaven surely did descend.
And I, Thy priest, who gladly had gone forth
With festal sacrifice, and reverence meet,
To welcome Thee, to lead the willing crowd,
Was put to shame, and crept up to my hill,
A broken-hearted man, who had gone forth
So full of joy to hail the God. To me,
I fondly thought, the revelation came
That long I have awaited. Voices oft
Have spoken to me in this laurelled shade.
Here in these purple mountains oft a shape
Has vanished as I came; the silence voiced
An unknown hymn; dear intimations all
Of an eternal light, and love, and truth.
Long have I waited, and this very day
In godlike majesty, with herald fit,
Thou didst appear. Oh, woe is me that Thou

Didst vanish into empyrean space
And left bare men as they protested them.
Unworthy am I for the sight of God,
For which my being longs with ardor vast.
For 't is a true word that thy messenger
Mercurius haply, or another, said —
'For He left not Himself without witness,
For He did good, and sent us rain from heaven
And fruitful seasons, making glad the heart.'
That witness have I known, that goodness felt,
'To turn you from these vanities,' he said,
'Unto the living God which made the earth
And sea and sky, and all that dwell therein.'
And that is Thou, my Lord, Father of men, —
Whate'er Thy name, my Alexandrine friend
Calls thee Osiris, father of the hawk,
Great Horus of the splendid wings, who floats
Above the world. These learned and proud Jews
Speak of the mighty Jah, Jehovah called

By some. And all a messenger expect
Of grace from Thee, all long to see Thee come.
And surely Thou didst come. 'T was Thy voice raised
The lame man up, and bade him leap and walk.
But when I come to do Thee sacrifice
With homage fit for Thee, Thou dost retire,
Dost shame Thy servant there before them all!
Woe, woe is me, these many years I wait
The glad fruition of my deepest hope.
It comes, and it is gone like unripe fruit
Blasted upon the branch that carried it!

(*A long pause.*)

What said the man who ran among the crowd?
'For He left not Himself without witness,
In that He did good.' I cling to that.
I know that Thou art Thou, where'er Thou art.
Perchance this messenger Mercurius
Knows of some new approach, some avenue

As yet untried by human thought, some way
This mortal touches immortality.
The living God, he said, and bade us turn
From all these vanities of sacrifice
To Him who has His witness in each heart.
I have this witness, I have known it long.
I must hear more of this Mercurius,
This royal messenger whom they call Paul."

THE END

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